THE OBSERVER.

.....

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

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THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

Vol. I. *Baltimore, Saturday, May* 2, 1807. *No.* 18.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ADELAIDE;

OR, A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

A FRAGMENT.

Translated from Le Poète, ou Mémoires d'un homme de lettres.

In order to give pleasure to the Doctor and my family as much as in my power, I assiduously attended the lectures in Rue de la Bucherie. One morning, proceeding, as ordinary, to the school, traversing a street which lay in my way, I observed, for the first time, in one of those extensive warehouses of stuffs and silks, a young woman whose portrait I dare not venture to trace. She might be made the heroine of romance, and boasted, in the common language, as an angel, a divinity, a Venus.

You then can know nothing of, nor can you imagine what ADELAIDE was, (for such was her name, which I did not learn until afterwards.) I will only tell you, that, to the original sweetness of MANON, the majestick dignity impressed on the whole form of HERMINIA, and the delicate complexion and transparent skin of SAINTE-AGATHY, Adelaide united particular traits, and characteristick beauties, of which the enumeration would be as tedious, as the painting would be difficult or impossible. Suffice it to know, that mechanically, and as by a kind of magick operation, I became fixed to the spot where she had first met my view, and that a considerable time elapsed before I could remove my eyes from the contemplation of the beauties which irresistably arrested their powers, or my feet from the spot to which they seemed immoveably to adhere. Though it was yet an early hour, she was dressed with a simplicity, at once elegant and modest, of which nothing could rival the grace and the charm. Her eyes, the colour of the sky, when, pure and serene, its clear view is not disturbed by a passing cloud, were naturally conducted towards an indiscreet passenger, who dared to observe her with so much obstinacy; but seeing that my insensibility continued, she cast them with an enchanting blush upon the ground, from whence she did not again relieve them. Thus advertised of my impolite stupor, I blushed in my turn, and withdrew myself from the place, with a mixture of shame and anxiety.

Familiar for a long time with a sentiment, which appeared interwoven with, and to form a part of my existence, I was not long in recognizing its symptoms. The effects of love are precisely as those of thunder; they manifest themselves at the same instant that the blow departs. The object which thus violently and instantaneously enters into the heart, seizes upon, never more to relinquish its possession; and once established there, disposes of its domain, which it from that moment occupies solely and entirely, with an absolute and uncontroulable power...I perceived, then, without pain, but not without anxiety, that the Beauty of the Factory followed, was present, or more properly, inhabited me wherever I went.

"How! Just Heaven! said I within myself, behold me once "more the slave of that tormenting passion which has already "occasioned me so much misery, so many tears!—What said "I?—the slave?—Is it then that I want force to struggle with, "or break from my chains?—Or is it that I even want the de-"sire to escape?—Alas! I know too well my enemy!—He is "accustomed to conquer; and I know how unavailing it is to "combat against him!"

In effect, instead of pursuing another way, although it was a little farther, I must return by the same fatal street. I must also twice every day repass this delicious source of my sweet and dangerous poison. I must still further employ each time one of those lads, who ply at the corners to relieve the boots or shoes of the passengers from the lustre which they contract in the miry streets of Paris; in which operation I always placed myself on the opposite side of the way, in such a manner as to see and be seen, where I remained as long as possible, tormenting my varnisher, making him recommence as often as he had finished, for which in the end I recompenced him to his satisfaction. In fine, I must have a bordered hat, which was then the fashion, and I must buy it at the charming shop; where I durst only exchange two words in the common and usual phrase on such occasions.—Thus passed an entire month.

At last, one memorable Saturday, my father asked me, "have you any engagement for to-morrow?"..."None," I replied, "except to do every thing which may be agreeable to you;""A truce to compliments, said this good father, you know on what terms we live together...entire freedom...to-morrow will be Sunday, you might have a party arranged with some of your companions, therefore do not disappoint yourself."—"I repeat to you, my dear father, throwing my arms round his neck, that I am absolutely at your disposal."—Well, in that case, I will take you to dine at the house of one of my newly acquired friends, with whom, at this moment, I have considerable engagements in business. We will go, your mother, you, and I; and you will meet with people of great worth, from whom you will receive a sincere welcome."

It was thus arranged.....It will be well to remark, by the way, that my father had, for some time, left off his extensive commerce in Rue du Roulle, and acted at present on commission, which every day procured him new connexions, in executing his orders, as well for the interiour of France as for foreign countries. The Amphytrion of to-morrow, of whom he had not told me either the name or the residence, was one of those; and I was resolved to appear and conduct myself in such a manner as that my parents might not have to repent their having taken me with them.

Once more a small touch of superstition: but it is necessary that I relate it for my readers to judge. Already three mysterious dreams, and all the three accomplished.....The loss of Manon, by her marriage.....The death of Antonio, announced by himself.....And the frightful catastrophe of my wound by R***eu, in the history of Herminia.....Behold the fourth.

Every thing prepared for our excursion to-morrow, we supped quietly together, after which I retired to rest, with an internal satisfaction I knew not wherefore, derived from the projected party. Hardly had sleep enveloped me in his invisible net, which, without our consciousness, enchains every faculty, except the imagination, to which it seems even to accord a more liberal exercise; when, all at once, I thought myself transported to a society of persons extremely amiable, amongst whom I discovered a lovely young lady, of whom I imagined myself the secret lover.

A walk to the Tuilleries was proposed: it was in that delightful season when the afternoons are superb. Each lady chose her knight, and my arm was possessed by my charming friend. We had to traverse La Rue Traînée, before Saint Eustatius, a street very narrow, and at that time very dangerous.

I was proceeding tranquilly with my companion, when a hired carriage, very dirty and black, with a hideous driver, suddenly appeared before us. I know not what enchantment instantly suspended in each of us the power of action, but we found ourselves arrested without the ability to take a step either way. The carriage continued its course, overthrew us, and passed over our bodies...my companion was crushed and mangled by the wheels, while I remained safe and unhurt. The horror of the situation awoke me with a convulsive start, and in an alarming agitation.

When I had a little recovered, I trembled at the remembrance of my dream; and as may be well believed felt no disposition to renew my sleep. I had a lamp in my chamber, and in the moments when I could not sleep, was accustomed to chase away my ennui by the assistance of a book. I had now recourse to this remedy against the phanthoms of my mind, which soon overcame them so far as to induce the hope of more tranquillity in my next slumbers; to which I abandoned myself, or rather which I permitted to surprize me.

Scarcely was I again within its power, than I once more found myself with the same friend entering into a sacred concert, where there appeared an immense crowd. Forced to seek a place in the open space of the church, I had seated myself with my companion precisely under the key of the vaulted dome, where we remained, although a place where, according to custom, women were not permitted to seat themselves. The concert commenced. Already I began to partake its joys, when, as by an universal motive, the whole assembly rose, with a hoarse but loud murmer, fixing their eyes on the vault, of which I beheld the key shake. Every one escaped except we two, who were unable to move. After having trembled for some moments the key fell perpendicularly, crushed my companion, with whose blood and brains I was entirely covered, yet I remained safe and untouched.

It is not here my intention to write a treatise on necromancy. I have already said all that I thought of dreams: the explication of this last will arrive but too soon.

Let us chase, however, all those clouds which could only tend to obscure the serenity of the bright day which advanced to illuminate me. We shall only say that after the return of this frightful dream, which seemed chained to my imagination, I resolved to await the morning with my eyes open. The first ray that darted into my chamber had its ordinary effect; all the illusions of the night were instantly dissipated. The morning was uncommonly gay. I occupied it in composing some erotic verses, and amongst others a romance, of which I did not think the application would so soon arrive...even in the time which I employed in composing it.

After this I commenced my toilette, on which I always bestowed great attention; and this day in particular, it being that of my first appearance in a new society. At last the hour of departure arrived; and you behold me on my way under the paternal and maternal conduct. They took the road to the schools of medicine, that is to say the streets that conducted to them.

What was my surprize when my father, stopping before the door of the delightful shop said, "it is here!"...Being Sunday the shop was shut. He told me to knock at the hall door. I obeyed: a respectful looking old governante, neatly dressed, extremely polite, and extremely reverential, opened it. We ascended the stairs, and, in the midst of a numerous assembly, I beheld...but you divine...yes! it was herself!...it was ADELAIDE!...the Beauty of the Factory, more beautiful than ever! to whom her father and her mother, after having received the the marks of respect due to themselves, conducted my trembling steps.

(To be Continued.)

For the Observer.

THE CAMELEON...No. VI...BY THOMAS FICKLE, ESQ.

Marriage is certainly the most important of considerations. On its effects the happiness of most mortals depends; and as involving circumstances which tend to destroy or establish our future hopes, should occupy the reflections of man, and spirit him to seek in the partner of his bosom, qualities essential to happiness. In youth, when the passions are warm and impetuous, we are not so sensible of the advantage to be derived from the marriage state as should make us zealous in its attainment, but when old age creeps on apace, and when we are settled in life, to possess a partner to whose friendly bosom we can unburthen our souls, is a pleasure which cannot fail to alleviate the pangs of misfortune and sweeten the joys of prosperity. I refer not to marriages promoted by wealth or honours, but to those founded on friendship and congeniality of disposition. ...And we can regard but with regret and commiseration, the prostration of the affections of children by parents, who compel them to marry those whom they abhor and despise. The great object of earthly pursuits is happiness. But in the wisdom of omnipotence, men are formed to differ much with regard to its attainment. However, it is generally admitted that there is no happiness so intrinsic as that of a domestic nature. The dictates of a wise and benevolent parent, solicitous to provide for the wants, and to promote the happiness of his descendants, may be ranked among the greatest blessings which can possibly be enjoyed in this state, and although there are many who answer this description, yet it must be confessed, how repugnant soever to the feelings, that there are others who are in a great measure estranged from these noble sentiments. Whether children should marry without the consent of their parents is a question much doubted. The happiness of men depends principally on those contracts which they form at their entrance on the great theatre of the world. I am fully convinced that children should be guided in their general conduct by the precepts of those, to whom they owe their existence; and as filial obedience is the great characteristick of enlightened men, they should be observant of the advice of experience and observation. But I have as full a conviction that there are a few interesting situations in which parents are incompetent judges of those things which will tend to promote the happiness of their descendants. Wealth, honours, exalted stations do not produce that peace, and tranquillity of mind, or that real happiness which relies on the mind; and as these are the great objects of human pursuits in this life, as well as in a future state of being, great exertions should be made to obtain such situations as may have an ultimate tendency to promote these ends. But the generality of men appear to be actuated by different motives and suppose that it is

the condition alone which produces happiness and that the sentiments and affections of the mind are but minor considerations. This false supposition has created much wretchedness and misery in the world and been the curse of thousands...weak minds, dazzled with the splendour of wealth and the hopes of obtaining more exalted situations, are willing to make the greatest sacrifices, that they may grasp these vain objects : for this we behold the cruel parent, regardless of the inclinations and affections of a loving daughter, compelling her to receive the addresses of the man she despises and link herself to unhappiness forever.., How unnatural, how shocking to the feeling heart ! The obedient child submits to the mandates of the imperious father, but alas resigns all pretensions to happiness.

" She pines in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
Sits, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

By the wise constitution of our nature, the opinions of man, on the subject of marriage, vary, and the object which was beheld by one with admiration, is viewed with indifference by another. In what manner then, can the parent be a proper judge of the affections of his child. He may certainly judge of the situation which may suit as to fortune and circumstances, but he can never explore the secrets of the heart, and thus discover what will contribute to the promotion of the happiness of his child. They measure the inclinations of their children by their own, and never consider the disparity of reasoning in different persons. The preceding remarks were occasioned by the relation of the following simple story I heard a few days since, which actually occurred, and which I shall report with fidelity, only concealing the real names of the parties under the fictitious ones of Mercator and Eugenia.

In a certain commercial city of these states, there resided a young gentleman, whose father maintained respectability in the mercantile world and was reputed wealthy. His affections were engaged to a young lady of equality in respect to wealth and family ; and the reciprocity of her sentiments was the consequence of the declaration of his passion. The day was appointed for their union, and their respective parents, pleased with their attachment, but awaited that period to join their hands as their hearts already were. While thus expectancy afforded delight, and love animated each thought, unfortunately for our lovers, the father of *Mercator* having embarked in extensive commercial speculations, by unexpected misfortunes, was reduced from affluence to poverty. The narrow spirit of mercantile policy had contracted the heart of the father of *Eugenia*, and after this event, the prospect of marrying his daughter to riches, being disappointed, it evinced itself in his refusing to ratify their agreement. But not content with thus sacrificing the feelings

and affections of his daughter, he commanded her to treat *Mercator* with mere civility and to receive the addresses of one, whom she personally disliked, but who came recommended to her father by his fortune and success in pecuniary affairs. Though her heart rebelled at the imperious dictates of her father, the conflict between her affections and her duty soon eventuated in obeying the latter. She promised him to obey, and too fatally executed his commands. She treated *Mercator* with a marked disrespect which her heart disclaimed, and for once in her life, assumed the hypocritick air. He could not endure a disappointment so unexpected from one he so tenderly loved, and flying his home, he sought, in wandering, a solace for his chagrin and misery. The bright prospects he had viewed in perspective had disappeared, and the sickly hue of misfortune tinged all his hopes.

He arrived at a small inland town in a neighbouring state, and for subsistence offered himself as a miniature painter to its inhabitants. But disappointment preying on his mind reduced him in a few weeks to a state of mental and corporal imbecility, and a violent fever having assaulted his feeble system, he was pronounced dangerously ill by his physicians. In a village, ignorant of its inhabitants, and each tie which bound him to existence being broken, *Mercator* resigned himself with perfect composure to obey the will of his Almighty Father. The daughter of the landlord, with whom he lodged, had accidentally heard the narration of his misfortunes, and a slight acquaintance with *Eugenia*, she thought warranted her in writing to inform her of *Mercator's* unhappy situation. But lest surprise might endanger the life of *Eugenia*, she in her first espistle merely enquired if she had received any information of his present residence. The reply was her entire ignorance of his abode and that she would make any sacrifice to know where he had concealed himself, that she might seek his forgiveness for her undeserved ill treatment of him. The young girl, pleased to perceive such sentiments, immediately wrote word of his situation and begged *Eugenia* to visit him, before he breathed his last sigh. Actuated by that affection, which had ever remained firm and steadfast, *Eugenia*, privately left her father's house, and reached in a short time the town, where all her hopes were concentrated. She found him, weak and emaciated and but desirous of surrendering up his life in peace. The scene of their meeting was affecting beyond description. The flame which had been long smothered, burst out a fresh and a moment of intoxicating pleasure but made the future prospect more gloomy. Poor *Mercator*, in a few days, was to terminate that existence, which had now become desirable! The thread was spun out and eternity opened her arms to receive you! He expired two days after her arrival in her arms. I was present, said my relator, at his interment; though distressed in mind and languid in body, she yet desired to attend his corpse; dissuasion

proved in vain, and she came supported by two attendants. Her face was shrouded with a veil and her lovely person was regarded with admiration by all present. The scene was awful. A solemn silence reigned around, interrupted but by the voice of the minister performing his sacred duty. Not an eye that was not moistened with a tear, or a bosom that did not heave a sigh on the occasion. The grave closed on *Mercator*, and on the happiness of *Engenia* forever. O.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mrs. Ironside,

I anticipate your ready acquiescence in the belief, that the opinions of sensible and observing travellers ought ever to be respected. Their conceptions of the world are founded, not on the speculations of theorists, nor on the vagaries of imagination, but on the solid and stable basis of experience. Their intercourse with mankind gives them an opportunity of viewing men and things in their natural colours; neither shaded by the detractions of prejudice, nor heightened by the exaggeration of flattery. They see and compare, and comparison better enables them to ascertain the true value of what falls under their observation. By contrasting virtues with vices, and merits with demerits; they qualify themselves to imagine with accuracy and decide with judgment. These remarks are intended for an introduction to the succeeding relation.

Some few evenings ago, while regaling myself with the agreeable promenade which the banks of the canal afford, I joined the company of a gentleman who has made the tour of the United States, and resided some time in all the principal cities. You may be sure, I had all the curiosity that naturally fills one's mind, when in conversation with an intelligent and communicative traveller, and all the disposition to gratify it, which is as naturally the consequence of such curiosity. Among a thousand questions which my inquisitive spirit suggested, I asked him what he thought of Baltimore, its citizens and their manners. He made the following reply.

"Your interrogatories, Sir, are too general. With regard to the first clause of it, for reasons very obvious, I shall say nothing; but on the two remaining ones, I will not be quite so reserved. Before ever I visited Baltimore, and when removed to the distance of several hundred miles from it, I received from numerous sources, very favourable accounts of its inhabitants... Report represented them as being characterized by generosity, sociability, hospitality, friendship, and indeed every quality that can distinguish and ennoble the human heart. Report was true for once. Then I was made acquainted with their possession of these virtues, only by hearsay, but now I am convinced of it by personal knowledge. I am proud to say, that a resi-

dence of some months in your city, and a pretty general communication with its inhabitants, put it within my power to attest it most definitively. For goodness of heart, the people of Baltimore are behind none I have ever seen...but candour will not suffer me to eulogise their manners so highly. To say the most for them on that point, they are in many respects polished, polite, and amiable; but, in some particulars, they forfeit all claim to these merits. To enumerate every aberration, would be a longer catalogue than you could listen to with either pleasure or patience. I mean to instance one only, but that one is the most flagrant violation of decency and good manners, that it is possible to offer them. It is the clownish and impertinent practice of assembling in groupes in the streets, to stare at every handsome and ugly face that shews itself. I have sometimes, especially on Sundays, seen every corner in Market-street, *honoured* with the presence of more or less of these GAZERS, as I have heard the ladies emphatically term them. There are some of them who take their positions at the corners every day, as regularly as they go to their meals. There they stand, and do their utmost to look every one out of countenance who has the fortitude to pass them. You look as if you meant to inquire, "does it require fortitude to pass a crowd of *Gazers?*"...Yes, and a far larger share of it too than is alloted to me, for I would at any time walk a mile out of my way, to avoid a cluster of the sternest of them. You may judge my dread of them by the following circumstance. Very soon after I came to Baltimore, I perceived what they were, and was deterred from going into the streets for a considerable time. At last, one day I formed a determination, in order to try my courage, to walk from one end of Market-street to the other, in spite of their impudence. Accordingly I set out, but how was I disappointed! I had not proceeded three squares before my heart failed, and I was obliged to make a retreat through the first alley that offered... The case is not quite so hard with me now, as it was at first, but even *yet* I never venture to walk the most public streets on Sunday, without having previously swallowed a few glasses of wine by the way of a fortifier, a precaution which I strongly recommend to every stranger; for without some such stimulus, the stoutest heart cannot be proof against their scrutinizing glances. For the sake of modesty and the honour of Baltimore, I wish this barbarous custom was annihilated; for while it exists, it will not only be a stigma on the manners of the place, but a pest to the citizens, and the "pretty girls" *particularly*.

I.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 2d. of May, 1794, the bloody battle of Asti took place, in which the Sardinian troops having been defeated, the French becamemasters of Piedmont, of which they have since held possession.

(We give insertion to the following sensible observations, from the pen of a young lady, with much pleasure, and invite her continued correspondence)

For the Observer.

Chesterfield in his letters to his son, among a multitude of detracting observations says, " that women are only children of a larger growth, they have an entertaining rattle, and sometimes wit : but for solid reasoning and good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it." This writer has been exalted as a standard of politeness, but he little deserves this dignity by his treatment of our sex. If he really found us to be such as he describes, I lament how unhappy he must have been in his female connexions, and although he has applied these assertions to the whole sex, no reasonable man can listen to them as a general proposition. If we view objects with an impartial eye, I must confess there is generally too much said either in the praise or disparagement of women. Truth ought not to soar to panegyric, nor descend to invective...but the man who is a slave to beauty, considers them as queens of the universe, the master-piece of nature; while the ill-natured and morose man looks upon them as so many Pandora's, to whom he imputes all the evils that afflict mankind. If we look up to them as competent judges, we must choose those whose passions are tempered with reason, and they must agree, that we are endowed with the most happy qualities, which with proper cultivation might be rendered highly estimable, but which are generally too fatally perverted. We are formed with quicker faculties than men, and we appear on the stage of life at a much earlier period..... Surrounded from our tender years by a croud of flatterers, who alone attentive to cherish a childish vanity, of which they make their own advantage, use all their endeavours to divert our minds from serious reflection. Our vivacity being thus continually fed with insincere nonsense, is it surprising that sprightly girls should become frivolous and vain ?...To reform us, we must correct the men. While they upbraid us with our faults, why do they not look to themselves as the origin of those imperfections they so much condemn ? Men address women in a style that too often seduces them into a belief, that they are created merely to have their pretty persons admired ; but women should reflect how much they degrade themselves by aspiring to no higher or more durable excellencies than the fragile bloom of youthful beauty, how much more is required to secure an attachment when the charms which first captivated have vanished.——When women unite with a solid understanding and an honest heart, a graceful person—when they elevate their minds to laudable pursuits, then they indeed become the ornament, the boast of society—they unfold in man the desire to improve in every virtue. Men would be less perfect and less happy without female society. The man who is insensible to the attractions of woman, is seldom a generous friend to human nature.

C. M.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

REMARKS ON QURANTINES,

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION....*(Continued.)*

These facts, stated on incontrovertible evidence, certainly lead to a conclusion that quarantines or interdicts of communication, could have done nothing more for the preservation of Larnica than was effected by that guide whose interposing power cannot be seen, or known except in the result; and also that if the interdict had been continued with whatever strictness during the eleven months which elapsed between the visitations of Limsol and Larnica, that no advantage could have been obtained in favour of the latter. Is there not every reason to believe, whatever guards might have been stationed to prevent any intercourse with Larnica, that when the destroyer came, in his progress to the spot where they were placed, they must have fallen prostrate before him, that they would not, for an instant have averted his purpose? were those who have had the weighty charge of regulating so important a concern, to have refrained from the adoption of quarantines or interdicts until after their efficacy had been warranted by accurate observation, they would have been probably convinced of their inutility on every other occasion, as assuredly as must have happened, had they obtained, in the island of Cyprus.

The ideas that were early conceived respecting contagion gave origin to all the measures that have been adopted for obviating the evils arising from the mortal scourge by which mankind have been so long and so frequently afflicted. The existence of contagion, and the opinions of its malignant influence have taken so firm a hold of the minds of men in Europe and of many in this country, that it must be difficult to remove them. The efforts of the numerous late writers on the other side of the Atlantic, and with us the labours of the ingenious and candid Rush, and of those who have been influenced by him, particularly the solid reasoning of the able advocate whose oration suggested these remarks, have not, it is to be feared, much shaken the faith of the multitude who have been long wedded to this most injurious prejudice. But it must be combated, it must be examined, in every point of view in which it is capable of investigation, and by continuing to urge the various considerations which may demonstrate its futility, preconceived opinions will at length yield to facts, and an universal conviction will in time prevail, that all the dangers attributed to it are phantoms of a perverted imagination.

Contagion has been supposed to operate in two ways; one through the medium of the air, the other by immediate contact. I shall attempt to prove that a general epidemic never could have been propagated in either of these ways.

The advocates for its existence in the air have been encountered by many difficulties. It has been believed that Europe-

ans, living in cities, desolated by the plague, have been exempted from danger, by shutting themselves up in their houses, and refraining from any communication with those that were infected. Now as the air must have access to every part of every house, and as the whole mass must be supposed to partake of the same qualities, it naturally became questionable how far it was possible to be so injurious to all in the immediate vicinity, and yet prove inoxious to the inhabitants of a particular spot. The different densities of particular portions of the air ; the destructive properties of that fluid, when contained in the bottoms of wells and in unventilated places were resorted to as a means of accounting for this variety of effect, because it was alledged, that those who sequestered themselves resorted only to the upper part of their dwellings. Whilst then the air near the surface might be contaminated, the superior strata were conceived to be free from any such cause of evil. In the first place, it must be questionable, that no part of the incarcerated families ever visited the lower apartments, and if they did not, it must still appear fanciful, and devoid of every rational support, that such diversities in the circumambient air could have existed. .....There never was, there never could have been any direct proof of such a diversity.....The destructive air referred to was never found but in unventilated places, and the air under examination was generally and uninterruptedly diffused. But were the alledged diversity to be ascertained, there is still a difficulty with which the opinion must be ever embarrassed. Has it been on any occasion observed that the deleterious, air which has been the basis of the conjecture, has in any instance produced fever, or any specific disease ? It has often extinguished life ; but in no instance has it excited that disturbance in the system by which pestilential diseases have been ever distinguished. The conclusions formed on such reasoning must be falicious. The most enlightened writers of this country, since they have had an opportunity, and been excited to observe more strictly, the rise and progress of epidemics, have abandoned every such idea. Less fettered by ancient prejudices, they quickly saw, and have loudly proclaimed the impossibility of attaching the stigma of contagion to the epidemics that have prevailed in this country, viewed in the light in which it has been hitherto held. But there are advocates for considering it as connected with some of the varieties of air, with which the late improvements in chymistry have made us acquainted.

There are a few facts which have fallen under my notice, and which are in unison with numerous observations made by others, that certainly militate very strongly against the existence of any species of gas or modification of air, as a cause of epidemics.....The yellow fever with us has always had a local residence.....In two adjoining streets, one has felt all rage, whilst the other has remained exempt from all injury. What

occurred in Baltimore in the years 1797 and 1800, was a type of that which subsequent writers have shewn, did happen in every suffering city of the union.

In tracing the epidemic of 1800, the following curious phenomena occurred. The city of Baltimore is divided by a small river called Jones's Fall's. The eastern side of it is called Fell's Point; the western is more significantly termed the town.... The disease began in the eastern side, at a part of the bason named the cove, and proceeded thence gradually and very slowly all over the Point, without any incident pertinent to the present purpose. It made a similar, but at first a much slower progress along the western shore of the bason, which runs upwards, nearly the extent of the city. The town is divided by a long street which proceeds in a straight line east and west, distinguished by the name of Baltimore-street. It commences at a bridge in the east end, and terminates at the suburbs in the west. It is intersected by streets which commence at the bason in the south, and terminate at the Falls or the suburbs in the north side.

The disease raged with violence in such parts of all these streets as are on flat ground, and adjacent to the bason and the river. The very remarkable circumstances alluded to is, that it never visited a house in the whole and widely extended Baltimore-street. Any that suffered there from the distemper, I personally ascertained, by a most accurate investigation, to have contracted it in some of the known seats of its depredation... East-street, which runs paralel with this, and commences at Gay, one of its intersecting streets, which eminently suffered, runsup to a great length westerly...but on the north side of Baltimore-street. The end which commences at Gay-street is flat, and here it largely partook of the calamity. After a course of a few hundred yards the ground rises considerably. Here the ravager stayed his progress ; beyond this spot there existed no cause of dismay... Calvert-street, which is higher up, commences at the bason, and is similarly situated, shared the same remarkable fate.... The flat end near the water was laid prostrate ; the hill which soon commences, proved an equal barrier: no disease was seen beyond this limit. Second-street, on the south side of, and running parallel to Baltimore-street, commences at the Falls and terminates in South-street. This last begins at the bason, and terminates at Baltimore-street. These and the adjacent streets, and alleys on the same side are all flat, and were not spared in scarcely any instance.

From this account, verified in the most unequivocal manner, can it be, for a moment conjectured, that air or any modification of it could have produced such an effect ? Is it possible that it could have commenced at a spot, as a centre, and slowly emitted its rays towards the circumference, in an *elective* direction ? Can it be imagined that there was a predisposition to be affect-

ed by it in the inhabitants of the streets marked with desolation, and that those of the exempted streets, for not only Baltimore-street, but all the streets in the north-west quarter were favoured with the same immunity, experienced no such predisposition? Such an idea is so repugnant to common sense, that no reasonable man can form a conception of its existence. From these considerations, and the suggestion already urged, that no kind of air has ever been known to induce fever of any description, no species of gas, or variety of ærial vapour can be assigned as a cause of epidemics, or a medium of contagion.

(To be continued.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret extremely, the necessity of suppressing the Letters from France, which we have received, in continuation of that published last week. A claim has been laid to them to which delicacy compels us to yield, in despite of our inclination to gratify our readers with their perusal.

T. Fickle, Esq. has been careless this week—the subject of his Essay is trite, and he has not amply enough called forth his powers in treating it. A young writer should never suffer himself to be negligent.

"I" has handled a good topic rather awkwardly—we are at a loss to know whether this writer is a male or female. The former part of the Essay would seem to indicate its being from the pen of a gentleman—but it must be an unusual degree of modesty, that can occasion a lord of the creation to blush at being looked at.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Observer.

AN INVITATION TO LAURA.

You said, when the rude winds of winter were over,
And spring should return to delight us once more,
You'd wander again by the stream with your lover,
And talk of those raptures that pleas'd him before:

Then come, lovely maiden, for see how enchanting,
The mead and the stream, and the vallies appear
No charm to the eye of my Laura is wanting,
And sweet is the red-bird's loved note to the ear!

O come! and for thee will I pluck the young blossom,
That grows in the valley and perfumes the air;
'Twill blow fresher beauties when plac'd in thy bosom,
Nor e'er blame the hand that dispos'd of it there! FREDERICK.

For the Observer.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M. C. C. OF ANNAPOLIS.

Oh! what language can impart
The feelings of my wounded heart?
A heart I ever thought would be
From all the pains of love most free.

But I am doom'd, alas! to pine,
The lovely Clara will ne'er be mine;
How can I hope she'll hear my song,
When crouds of rivals round her throng,

With dove-like eyes and lovely face
A form adorn'd with every grace,
A mind where virtue sits enshrin'd,
With manners pleasing and refin'd;

I feel her captive I must be
And that my heart will ne'er be free,
Unless, ye Gods, you'll grant my prayer,
That I my Clara's heart may share.

For the Observer.

JOCK & SAMUEL...A SCOTH PASTORAL.

November win's had wad the flow'rs away,
An' ca'd the leaves frae ilka bendin spray;
Pale grew the green on Hartfell's hoary brow,
An' faint the verdure, on the vale below;
When Samuel dander'd out to Queensberry Cairn,
An' sat him down a lesson guid to learn:
His flocks were feeding roun' sae fair to see
(O' ilka care his honest heart was free.)
The day was pleasant like a day in May,
An' Jock cam' stridin' up the Muirland way.
(Some learned fowk will listen we' delight,
To twa' young Shepherd's cracking on the height.
JOCK——Hech! Samuel, sure the day is come,
A day that will of thousands seal the doom.
I've nearly tint my breath in hast'ning here,
To see if you could tell me whats asteer;
But it appears o'er evident to me,
The Cadiz fleets have reach'd the Irish sea,
For hear: on ilka side the Sal'way shore,
Peal—after peal—the cannons loudly roar;
Their groans I hear thro' Gall'ways hills aroun:
An' Queensberry dinnels we' the dreadfu' soun';
They wadna. save on some prodigious fray,
Sae loose their cannons on a Sabbath day.
SAMUEL—At leisure, Jock,—at leisure; you shall hear,
How little you the Cadiz fleets need fear;
Wil'd, frae their hole, by Nelson's art profound,
Their pride has got a deep an' deedly wound;
That mighty fleet wha thought the seas their ain,
Are a' mishacker'd, tatter'd, taw'd, or taen;
These distant vollies, which our echo's rouse,
Are soun's o' triumph, at the joyfu' news.
JOCK——Blest be the ruler o' the earth an' sea,
For granting us sae great a victory,
But Och! 'tis worthy our excentric days,
We' guns and powder to exalt his praise;
SAMUEL—A roughsome way, o' praising God, indeed;
I think it queer; in that, we're baith agreed.
JOCK——But a' that ever sail'd a neath the skies,
By Nelson are outdone in enterprise;

He's sic a terror to our enemies a'
He'll neither leave them ship nor boat at a';
'Tis past belief what he has sunk or taen,
SAMUEL—At leisure, Jock—at leisure—Nelson's gane!
JOCK——Gude God! is Nelson is kill'd!!
SAMUEL..... .....'Tis surely sae—
JOCK——Then de'il tak' them an' a' the ships they hae,
For tho' enrich'd we' a' the fleets o' Spain,
Our loss has still been greater than our gain,
Ah! heavy news for Britain an' for me,
Yes, Nelson! I maun droup a tear for thee.
SAMUEL—Yestreen at Hacks, I tauld as I cam' by,
An streight amazement ryth'd in ilka eye;
The smearers glowr'd an' cry'd is Nelson gane;
An vow'd their guardian frae their side was ta'n;
The tar that lately up like ribbons drew,
Fell frae their hands and plaister'd a' the woo;
If a' the fowk wad mourn as sair for me,
I wadna greedge at ony time to die.—
JOCK——When news arriv'd that faes were on the seas,
His very name, set a' our hearts at ease;
The very dullest herds amang us a'
O' Nelson's valour, never miss'd to blau,
My uncle strack Jock Miller on the face,
For ca'in him lazy in the suthern chace.
SAMUEL—But Jock—I hae a project in my head,
Our grief can naething ser' the valiant dead)
Here on this spot a mighty Cairn we'll rear,
In mem'y of the chief we hold saé dear;—
We'll buy a polish'd stane tho' it be dear,
Holstane will lend a beast to bring it here;
I spake to HOGG, of every project keen,
And see the lines he penn'd for it yestereen.

INSCRIPTION.

Let a' the laads on Nith in Annan learn
The Queenberry shepherds rear'd this rustic Cairn,
In memory of a great and noble tar,
A generous soul—a thuuder- bolt in war,
On Britain's foes, who British vengeance hurl'd,
In ev'ry quarter of the wond'ring world—
The muddy Nile his mighty prowess saw
Aud Affric's sable sons were kept in awe;
Round It'lys shores the conquering flag he wav'd,
And Western India, by his name reliev'd.
He made the shores of France and Holland shake,
The French to tremble and the Dutch to quake.
He cow'd the haughty pride of *silly Spain*,
And pour'd destruction on the frighted Dane.
After a life of glorious dangers past
In vic 'try's arms, resign'd, he breath'd his last:
But ever more shall shine his honour'd name,
With gilded splendor, in the lists of fame.
That *name* with artless pen we here insert,
'Tis Nelson dear to ev'ry British heart.

The price of this paper is FIVE DOLLARS per ann. to be paid in advance.